

1852



1892

ARTHUR GORING THOMAS



PROGRAMME  
OF  
A MEMORIAL CONCERT

Consisting exclusively of Works by ARTHUR GORING THOMAS,  
GIVEN AT ST. JAMES'S HALL, ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 13<sup>TH</sup>, 1892,  
AT THREE O'CLOCK PRECISELY.

With the object of founding a Scholarship, bearing the name of the lamented Composer,  
at the Royal Academy of Music, where he was for some time a Student.

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The gross proceeds of the Concert will be applied to the Scholarship, the expenses being met  
by a few friends of the late Composer.



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Mdme. MELBA.

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Signor MANCINELLI.

Signor RANDEGGER.

Signor TOSTI.

Miss MAUDE VALÉRIE WHITE.

THE STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(The whole of the above-mentioned Artists have given their services.)

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THE ORCHESTRA OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Leader - - Mr. J. T. CARRODUS.

(Some of these Performers have given their services.)



# PROGRAMME.

## OVERTURE (MS.) ..... "The Light of the Harem" ..... ..

(Composed while a Student at the Royal Academy of Music, and first performed at the Students' Orchestral Concert in St. James's Hall, June 9th, 1880.)

The Orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera.  
Conducted by Dr. MACKENZIE, P.R.A.M.

## DUET ..... "Les Heures d'Or" ..... .. *A. Lafrigue*

Mdme. EMMA EAMES and Mons. LASSALLE.  
Accompanied by Signor TOSTI.

L'oiseau fredonne son doux chant,  
Mon cœur frissonne tendrement.  
Suivant la trace du soleil,  
L'amour qui passe, luit vermeil !  
C'est la saison des rêves d'or !  
Joyeux printemps, prends ton essor !

Chantons l'hymne suprême,  
Observons ses lois ! Il dit tout aime,  
Aimons quand même,  
Unissons nos voix.

## SONG ..... "Sois heureuse" ..... .. *V. Hugo*

Mons. PLANCON.

Accompanied by Dr. C. HUBERT PARRY.

Sois heureuse, O ma douce amie,  
Salue en paix la vie,  
Et jouis des beaux jours !  
Sur le fleuve du temps mollement endormie,  
Laisse les flots suivre leur cours !  
Sois heureuse, O ma douce amie,  
Et jouis des beaux jours.  
Bientôt tu peux m'être ravie,  
Peut être loin de toi demain j'irai languir,

Quoi ! déjà tout est sombre et fatal dans ma vie,  
J'ai dû t'aimer, je dois te fuir !  
Sois heureuse, O ma douce amie,  
Salue en paix la vie,  
Et jouis des beaux jours !  
Sur le fleuve du temps mollement endormie,  
Laisse les flots suivre leur cours !  
Sois heureuse, O ma douce amie,  
Et jouis des beaux jours !

## SONGS ..... { (a) "Avril" ..... .. *Remy Belleau* ..... { (b) "Ma Voisine" ..... .. *Nadaud*

Mdme. CALVÉ.

Accompanied by Signor TOSTI.

(a) Avril ! l'honneur et des fleurs  
Et des mois,  
Avril ! la douce espérance  
Des fruits qui sous le bouton  
Du coton  
Nourissent leur jeune enfance.  
Avril ! C'est ta douce main  
Qui du sein  
De la nature desserre  
Une moisson de senteurs  
Et de fleurs  
Embaumant l'air et la terre.

C'est toi courtois et gentil  
Qui d'exil  
Retires ces passagères,  
Ces hirondelles qui vont,  
Et qui sont  
Du printemps les messagères.  
Le gentil rossignolet,  
Doucelet  
Découpe sous l'ombrage  
Mille fredons gazouillants,  
Et brillants  
Au doux chant de son ramage.

(b) Tous les matins je vous vois  
Et j'entends de votre voix  
La mélodie argentine,  
Au doux bruit de vos chansons,  
Vous éveillez vos pinsons,  
Bonjour ma voisine.

Ne croyez pas le miroir  
Qui dit que votre ceil est noir  
Et que votre taille est fine,  
Comment peut-il le savoir,  
Si vous n'allez pas y voir,  
Bonjour ma voisine.

Le jour commence à baisser  
Les plaisirs vont commencer  
Et la ville s'illumine,  
Faites des rêves heureux,  
Gardez vous des amoureux,  
Bonsoir ma voisine.



DUET ..... " Hymne Nocturne en Mer " ..... *A. Lafrique*

Mdme. DESCHAMPS-JÉHIN and Mons. EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ.  
Accompanied by Signor ALBANESI.

Sur la grande mer,  
Nuit, tu mets des ombres,  
Tandis que dans l'air,  
Volent les oiseaux sombres.

Et le vent qui soupire,  
Sur ce vaste empire,  
Dans l'orage semble dire  
Calmez vous, flots en courroux.

Mer ! je vois briller  
Des millions d'étoiles !  
Qui vont dissiper  
De la nuit les longs voiles.

Puis, j'entends vibrante,  
Une voix qui chante,  
La tourmente,  
Et l'éclair en vain s'enflamme,  
Car sa flamme meurt dans la mer.

SONG ..... " Winds in the Trees " ..... *Miss Mulock*

Mdme. EMMA EAMES.

Accompanied by Miss MAUDE VALÉRIE WHITE.

Winds in the trees chant a glad song,  
O'er fields the bees hum all day long,  
Night lulls the breezes, the bees' hum is o'er,  
Nature, like thee, changes evermore.

But sunshine bright wakens the bees,  
Airs warm and light stir the young trees,  
Morn is returning with joy-laden store,  
Thou wilt return to me never more.

SONG ..... " L'Extase " ..... *V. Hugo*

Mons. EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ.

Accompanied by Signor ALBANESI.

J'étais seul près des flots, par une nuit d'étoiles ;  
Pas un nuage aux cieus, sur les mers pas de voiles,  
Mes yeux plongeaient plus loin que le monde réel,  
Et les monts et les bois et toute la nature,  
Semblaient interroger dans un confus murmure  
Les flots des mers, les feux du ciel.

Et les étoiles d'or, légions infinies,  
A voix haute, à voix basse, avec mille harmonies,  
Disaient en inclinant leur couronnes de feu,  
Et les flots bleus que rien ne gouverne et n'arrête,  
Disaient, en recourbant l'écume de leur crête,  
C'est le Seigneur, Dieu.

SONG ..... " Une Nuit de Mai " ..... ..

Mdme. DESCHAMPS-JÉHIN.

Accompanied by Signer TOSTI.

Violoncello Obligato, Mr. W. H. SQUIRE.

Te souviens tu, mon bien aimé,  
De cette belle nuit de Mai,  
Où dans la lagune profonde,  
Phoebe mirait sa tête blonde,  
Mon cœur doucement oppressé,  
Suivait un rêve commencé,  
Ta gondole frôla la mienne,  
Et ma main effleura la tienne,  
Mes yeux, rencontrèrent les tiens,  
Te souviens tu ?  
Nuit d'amour ! belle nuit de Mai,  
Où m'apparût mon bien aimé,

Cette nuit la nous échangeâmes,  
Et pour l'éternité nos âmes.  
Je sentis que j'étais à toi,  
Et que ta foi était ma foi,  
Et je me dis,  
Quoiqu'il advienne,  
Ma fortune sera la tienne.  
Te souviens tu, mon bien aimé,  
De cette belle nuit de Mai,  
Mon cœur doucement oppressé,  
Suivait un rêve commencé.  
Ah ! nuit d'amour, belle nuit de Mai,  
Te souviens tu, mon bien aimé.

SONG ..... " O Vision Entrancing " (*Esmeralda*) ..... ..

Mr. EDWARD LLOYD.

With Orchestral Accompaniment.

Conducted by Signor BEVIGNANI.

O vision entrancing,  
O lovely and light,  
My heart at thy dancing  
Grows faint for delight.  
It throbs and it flutters,  
It strives like a wild bird  
To follow thy flight.  
Am I awake or dreaming?  
Am I near or afar?  
Her beauty around me is beaming  
Fair as the evening star.

Fair—so fair—yet so poor and lowly,  
Dear—so dear—to this heart of mine,  
Till my love grows pure and holy,  
As before a saint in a shrine.  
Oh, she is the star of my even,  
The light of my day,  
My angel in heaven,  
To watch me and pray.



# A SELECTION FROM "ESMERALDA" (2ND & 3RD ACTS)

Mdme. MELBA, Mr. BEN DAVIES, and Mons. LASSALLE.

The Orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera.

Conducted by Signor MANCINELLI.

The English Libretto by ALBERTO RANDEGGER and THEO. MARZIALS. The French Version by PAUL MILLIET.

(The Opera of Esmeralda was written expressly for the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and was first produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on Easter Monday, March 26th, 1883. It was first produced in German at Cologne on November 14th, 1883, and in French at Covent Garden Theatre on July 12th, 1890.)

## ARGUMENT.

1. The beggars of Paris hold high festival. Gringoire, a starveling poet, intrudes upon their orgies; the penalty is hanging, unless one of their girls will wed him to save his life. Esmeralda will marry him, but warns him that it is no real marriage. So they are married by gipsy rites.

Frollo, the Monk, is mad with love of Esmeralda; and, when she returns alone, he and his creature, the hunchback Quasimodo, seize her; but she is rescued by Phœbus, Captain of the Guard. Frollo escapes, and Quasimodo is set free at Esmeralda's prayer. He begs for pardon, and goes. Phœbus, her rescuer, gives her his embroidered scarf; she knows that she gives her love in return.

2. There is festival in the house of Fleur-de-Lys, who doubts the love of Phœbus, and complains that he no longer wears her scarf. Esmeralda, from the street, is called in to dance before the guests; and, about to dance, she unfolds the scarf of Fleur-de-Lys. She would be thrust out with shame did not Phœbus proclaim his love for her, his zeal to guard her.

3. Esmeralda, in her poor home, finds Gringoire grow too fond, and draws her dagger on him. Thereupon he goes

away to bed; and she, with her lantern, goes out to meet Phœbus and light him down the dark street. Into the dark, empty room comes Frollo with Quasimodo, who begs him to spare the girl, but he will not. Quasimodo is sent to wait without; and Frollo, hearing Phœbus and Esmeralda, hides himself in the room with the girl's dagger, which he has found there. Hidden, he hears and sees their love, and rushes out at last and stabs him with her dagger, and so flies.

Esmeralda is found kneeling beside her lover; and Frollo, returning with the crowd, points to her bloody dagger as proof of her guilt. She is haled to prison.

4. To Esmeralda, in prison, comes Frollo. He offers her life if she will yield to him. She will not; she must die.

At the place of execution Frollo appears again as confessor. Even now he will save her if she will. She rejects him for the last time, and she will be dragged to torture and death, when at the moment Phœbus appears alive. He proclaims her innocence and denounces Frollo. Frollo is seized; but the wound of Phœbus breaks out afresh, and he dies in the arms of his beloved.

## AIR. (2ND ACT.)

First time of performance.

Esmeralda—Mdme. MELBA, for whom it was composed.

Flute, Mr. J. RADCLIFF.

Dans la plaine blonde et sous les allées,  
Nous irons chasser les choses ailées,  
Et nous choisirons les routes tournantes,  
Pour mieux écouter les choses chantantes,  
Toi la strophe, et moi le choeur des oiseaux.  
Et l'amour servant notre fantaisie,  
Fera ce jour là l'été plus charmant,

Tu seras poète, et moi poésie,  
Tu seras plus belle, et moi plus aimant!  
Suivant tous les deux les rives charmées,  
Que le fleuve bat de ses flots parleurs,  
Nous nous trouverons choses parfumées,  
Toi glanant des vers, moi cueillant des fleurs.

## SCENES III. & IV. (3RD ACT.)

Scene and Air—Frollo, Mons. LASSALLE.

Duet—Esmeralda and Phœbus—Mdme. MELBA and Mr. BEN DAVIES.

### SCENE III.

*Frollo seul.*

C'est là que vit l'enfant trop adorable,  
Dont l'aspect seul perdit mon âme! Oh! la revoir,  
Plaisir divin! joie ineffable!  
Et la posséder... quel espoir!  
O ma science aux limites sans fin,  
Je t'interroge et c'est toujours en vain,  
L'âme est pour toi l'obscur problème.  
Ah! pourquoi faut-il que l'on aime  
Et qu'on maudisse le destin?  
Esmeralda, daigne m'entendre:  
Je ne puis pas vivre sans toi,  
Et ton amour seul peut me rendre  
Le calme et le foi!

[*Frollo se dirige vers la chambre d'Esm., et il la contemple émerveillé.*

O parfums d'amour, doux comme l'encens,  
O rêve charmant qui ravit mes sens,  
Je veux vivre  
De mirage et de vision.  
Faites que mon âme s'enivre  
Avec l'illusion  
Et le mensonge du bonheur!  
Pour le baiser que je réclame  
Donné par ses lèvres en fleur  
Je vendrais mon âme.

[*il aperçoit le poignard d'Esm., sur la table.*

Juste ciel! qu'est cela? [*il prend le poignard.*

Cette arme?... Ce poignard?

Esm. (*au dehors*) Vois cette fleur...

Fro. C'est elle! la douce voix.

Phœ. (*au dehors*) Elle est fort belle...

Fro. Grand Dieu! c'est mon rival! Rendons grâce  
au hasard.



*Esm. (au dehors)*  
 Oui, mais n'y touche pas! Car l'étoile et la rose  
 Ensemble vont s'épanouir!...

*Fro.* Il suffit de bien peu de chose  
 Pour empêcher la rose de s'ouvrir!

*Phœ. (au dehors)*  
 La seule fleur que je respire,  
 Enfant, la seule que j'admire  
 C'est toi!

*Fro.* Cruel martyr!  
 Mais qu'un souffle de mort s'élève dans la nuit  
 En un moment, étoile ou fleur, tout est détruit!

[*Phœ. et Esm. entrent. Fro. se cache derrière un rideau.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Phœbus, Esméralda, puis Frolo.*

*Esm.* Ne touche pas ce lys en fleur:  
 Il suffit d'un baiser pour flétrir sa blancheur!  
 Dans la main qui le cueille  
 Il se brise, il s'effeuille...  
 Si tu l'aimes, ne le prends pas!  
 Pourquoi veux-tu qu'il t'appartienne?  
 Tout passe ici bas.  
 Et que vienne  
 L'hiver avec les noirs frimas  
 Il ne reste plus rien de ces charmantes choses...  
 Où s'en vont le lys si pur,  
 L'enivrant parfum des roses,  
 Les promesses de l'azur?

*Phœ.* Je n'ai point d'autre délice,  
 Je n'ai point d'autre tourment  
 Que d'aimer, malgré le supplice  
 De voir douter de mon serment.

Doute des insensibles choses,  
 Du printemps, des fleurs et du ciel;  
 Doubte des lys, doute des roses,  
 Mais non de l'amour éternel.  
 L'amour remplit notre âme  
 D'espérance et de soins jaloux;  
 Et brûlant de sa flamme  
 Je pleure à tes genoux.

*Esm. (s'arrachant des bras de Phœ.)*  
 L'amour... Mon cœur se brise. O Phœbus, parle  
 encore!

*Phœ.* Je t'adore!

*Esm.* J'ai peur, et cependant, mon bien-aimé, j'ai foi!  
 Je te crois, et je t'aime! Oui, je n'aime que toi!

*Phœ.* Cet aveu de ta tendresse  
 A lié mes jours aux tiens!  
 O ma maîtresse,  
 Viens!... Aimante! aimée!... Ah! viens!

*Esm.* J'aime et je suis aimée!  
 Tout sourit à mon cœur;  
 Mon âme enfin calmée  
 S'ouvre au bonheur.

*Ensemble.* Quelle aurore pour moi se lève  
 Emportant l'ombre et la nuit;  
 Comme un triste rêve  
 Le passé s'enfuit.

*Fro. (dans l'ombre)*  
 Comment les châtier sur l'heure?  
 Que le premier, mon rival meure!

[*il s'élance, frappe Phœ. d'un coup de poignard et s'enfuit. Phœ. tombe et Esm., angoissée, se jette sur son corps.*]

### SUITE DE BALLET.

(Composed expressly for the Cambridge University Musical Society, and first performed at Cambridge under the direction of Prof. C. VILLIERS STANFORD, in June, 1887.)

ALLEGRO MODERATO, in E flat.

ALLEGRO, in G.

ALLEGRO VIVACE, in B flat.

The Orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera.

Conducted by Prof. C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

### THE 2ND ACT OF "NADESHDA,"

The words by JULIAN STURGIS.

Mdme. NORDICA (Nadeshda). Mr. BEN DAVIES (Voldemar). Mr. J. O'MARA (a Serf).  
 Mr. EUGENE OUDIN (Ivan), and Mr. NORMAN SALMOND (Ostap).

#### THE SEMI-CHORUS BY

Mrs. BEN DAVIES (CLARA PERRY), Miss CARLOTTA ELLIOT, Miss EVANGELINE FLORENCE,  
 Mrs. HUTCHINSON, Miss LOUISE PHILLIPS, Miss ROBERTSON, Miss FLORENCE SHEE,  
 Mrs. AMBLER BRERETON, Miss MARIE BREMA, Miss MARGUERITE HALL, Mdme. TOSTI (BERTHE BALDI),  
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 Mr. GEORGE POWER, Mr. CHARLES WADE,  
 Mr. DAVID BISPHAM, Mr. BRERETON, Mr. PLUNKET GREENE.

The full Choruses by the Students of the Royal Academy of Music.

The Orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera.

Conducted by Signor RANDEGGER.

(The Opera of Nadeshda was written and composed for the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and produced at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, on the 16th April, 1885. It was subsequently produced in German at Breslau.)



# ARGUMENT.

Princess Natalia has given up a fine estate to her son Voldemar, who comes to take possession, bringing with him his brother Ivan. In the joy of home-coming he promises Ivan that he will give him whatever gift he shall ask on the morrow. That night, as the serfs make merry before their new master, Ivan claims from his brother the serf Nadeshda. Voldemar, who had himself from the first been enchanted by the innocence and beauty of the girl, there and then declares her free, that she may not be his to give on the next day. Ivan insults his brother, who drives him from the castle.

Ivan sends a letter to the Princess, his mother, telling her that Voldemar loves a serf, and that, if she would save the honour of their house, she must meet him where his messenger will lead her. The messenger is the serf Ostap, who also loves Nadeshda, and the place of meeting is close to Nadeshda's cottage. There Ivan meets the Princess and tells her that, to please this serf-girl, Voldemar has driven him from their home. The Princess orders her armed servants to drag out the girl; Ostap, after vain prayers, flies to find Voldemar, who comes in time to save Nadeshda from the knout. Stung by his mother's taunts, he swears to marry the girl on

that night, and when the Princess and Ivan have gone, he too goes to see all things ready for the marriage. Then Ivan steals back to Nadeshda alone and tries to make her fly with him; she breaks from him; he follows and comes face to face with Ostap, who stabs him and then kills himself.

At the very hour of the marriage the Princess asks to speak with Nadeshda alone, and at Nadeshda's prayer Voldemar yields. The Princess then shows the girl a paper, which the Empress has given to her, and on which she may write whose name she will and make him a beggar and an exile. If Nadeshda will marry Voldemar she will write his name there. Nadeshda asks that her name may be written instead; rather than ruin Voldemar she will see him no more. As she prepares to go, Voldemar rushes in; and the Princess is forced to tell him of the girl's resolve. Voldemar chooses to go with his bride: the Princess declares them beggars, and that land and all shall be for her only son Ivan: they bring in the dying Ivan and lay him at her feet. Ivan confesses and dies: the Princess, overwhelmed with remorse, begs forgiveness from Voldemar and Nadeshda.

## ACT II.

*Evening. The great hall at the Castle is made ready for carousal. A seat is placed on high for Voldemar. Into the empty hall Nadeshda comes timidly; and as she crosses the space and hangs her garland on Voldemar's high chair, she sings her dream-song of the river.*

*Nad.* Oh, sweet in thy ripple the murmur of reeds,  
And sweet in thy bushes the hum of the bee;  
But sweeter the message thy wild water speeds  
From my lover in dreamland, from dreamland to me!  
[*As she sings, Voldemar appears at the back and listens; and when she turns he advances to her. She shrinks back timidly.*

*Vol.* Do not fear me, do not fear me, pretty maiden;  
Come to me, come, and tell me who thou art.

*Nad.* I am Nadeshda.

*Vol.* A pretty name, Nadeshda!  
Like the soft murmur of a gentle river.  
Nadeshda! Nadeshda! Where dost thou live,  
Nadeshda?

*Nad.* On the edge o' the wood, my prince.

*Vol.* Safe with thy mother?

*Nad.* Alas, I have no mother and no father;  
I live in my hut alone.

*Vol.* Alone!

*Nad.* Not lonely,  
For there are birds and flowers, and good neighbours,  
And all are kind to me; and down from heaven  
(Or I have dream'd, and seen them in my dreaming)

The holy angels come at night to guard me.  
*Vol.* Happy Nadeshda! As I say, "Nadeshda,"  
Like an old tune the name's familiar to me.

*Nad.* My mother was Nadeshda too.

*Vol.* I knew her;  
I knew thy mother, child, the foster-sister  
Of my own mother, learning all things with her—  
I'll swear 'twas she who taught thee to speak softly,  
And to sing sweet as one of heaven's angels;  
Thy mother was a lady, even as thou art.

*Nad.* My mother was a serf.

*Vol. (after a pause).* Ay, true; and thou—

*Nad.* I am the serf of my lord Voldemar.

[*She bows before him. He puts his hand a moment lightly on her hair.*

*Vol.* Good angels guard and keep thee, child! Farewell!

[*He motions her gently away; she goes out; he watches her till she has gone, and then after a moment bursts forth in praise.*

*Vol.* Now by the truth of heaven I hold it true,  
No sweeter lady walks the world to-day!  
Her voice is music, and her parted lips,  
Like blushing leaves of the new-opening rose,  
Breathe at my ear, triumphant. No proud dame,  
Nor lily-handed maiden of the court,  
May be her fellow. Oh, I am great to-day!  
To list to her is to be nearer heaven  
And hear the wings of angels!

Ay, by my faith I hold it true,  
To purer air he soars above,  
For whom through eyes of heaven's blue,  
Two little windows lit by love,  
A soul of maiden pure and high  
Has moved his soul to ecstasy.  
Fair ladies of the court, I deem  
Not one of you more good and wise  
Than this poor child, whose maiden dream  
Read clearly in her lovely eyes,  
Claims among women wise and good,  
Some finer touch of womanhood.

Ah, she's a little angel of God, and he  
Who'd think one thought of harm, the blackest devil!  
Down his foul throat I'd drive my burnish'd sword,  
Though he were brother of mine (*Ivan comes in*)  
—Ivan, my brother,  
What is it brings you?

*Ivan.* No great matter, truly;  
Only the whilom serfs of our good mother



With horrid noise and din  
Are all come tramping in  
With uncouth offering—  
Ready to shout and sing  
And split their boorish throats for their new  
master.

Fast they come, and faster—  
Up to your throne, most mighty Voldemar,  
And sit above us, like a little Czar.  
[Voldemar laughing takes his seat. The serfs  
march in, chanting an old song of the family.]

Chorus. Czar Peter from his tower high  
Saw his bold horsemen riding by;  
And when he spied, 'mid soldiers tall,  
The proudest horseman of them all,  
He lifted up his aged head,  
And with a kingly oath he said:  
"While of that race there's one alone,  
I sit secure upon my throne."  
A haughty face, an ancient name,  
Hawk eyes and ever keen for fame,  
The hand of steel, the heart of fire,  
Quick tongue, strong head, and hot desire,  
Love of the fight, and high disdain  
Of toil, of danger, and of pain—  
These are the gifts to guard the Czar,  
And this the race of Voldemar!

Vol. Welcome to all! This night, my first night here,  
We'll greet with merry cheer,  
And speed the hours with wassail and delight  
In good old fashion, rudely Muscovite!  
Drink, drink, dear friends of mine,  
And while the sunny wine  
And sunnier vodki warm our hearts to-night,  
With smile and merry glance  
Let the girls rise and dance  
For our delight!

Chorus. The dance, the dance!  
Let the girls rise and dance  
For our delight!  
[They take their places and begin an old Russian  
dance, while the men sing in Chorus.]  
Strange the silent birds that brood  
Darkling in the pathless wood;  
Strange the myriad fish that swim  
Ocean deep and cavern dim;  
But the strangest things, I ween,  
That on earth were ever seen,  
And the hardest things to rule,  
Are the woman and the mule.

[The dancers separate, and the chief dancer  
is seen standing.]

A Voice. Wife, I come from the Bazar,  
And I have brought you a silver sleeve.  
[The dancer shows indifference, and dances away.]

Chorus. See how stern and proud she is!  
She will not greet him with a loving kiss.  
Oh, how hard is a man's wife,  
How keen for strife!

A Voice (the dancer stands listening).  
Wife, I come from the Bazar,  
And I have brought you a ring of gold.  
[She shows scorn, and dances away.]

Chorus. See how stern she is and cold!  
She'll give him nothing for his gold.  
Ah, how hard is a man's wife,  
How keen for strife!

A Voice (the dancer stands to listen).  
Wife, I come from the Bazar,  
And I have brought you a silken whip.

[The dancer makes obeisance, and then  
dances with all fascination.]

Chorus. Oh, wonderful!  
How meek she bends!  
Her sadness ends;  
She whirls away, a happy wife,  
To glad new life.

[They change the game, and enter on another  
old Russian dance, while the Chorus sing.]

Chorus. Now with valliance let us sing  
The hunting of the golden ring;  
An ancient tale, and often told,  
The hunting of the hoop of gold.

[While the girls dance the golden hoop is  
passed from hand to hand.]

Round and round, and in and out,  
Flies the golden hoop about  
From maiden hand to maiden hand,  
The while we stand  
And altogether sing  
To her who seeks the golden ring.

[The chief dancer is seen searching.]

Guess, O maiden!  
Guess, O pretty one!  
Whose hand is holding  
The light wing'd gold.

[When the chief dancer has danced and  
searched in vain, she is hidden by the  
other girls who dance a figure, showing  
the hoop of gold now here, now there.  
At the end of the figure the seeker is  
seen again, and dances alone.]

Gladly, gladly would she know  
Where the dear-loved ring has stray'd;  
Moving lightly to and fro,  
Asking it of many a maid.  
Maidens, maidens,  
Dear companions,  
Answer true and answer quickly  
Where her well-loved gold is buried.

[The seeker finds the ring and dances  
triumphant.]

See, see! 'tis found! the ring, the ring!  
Now altogether shout and sing;  
With light foot woo the ground,  
Because the ring is found.

Shout for the golden ring;  
The golden ring!

[At the end of a dance of triumph the girls  
gather round the chief dancer, who  
stands aloft with the ring in her hand;  
then they all fall back, and Nadeshda  
is seen bearing the gift.]

Chorus. The gift! The gift! Bear him the gift,  
Nadeshda!

Ostap. O cursèd night that I must see  
My darling meet these lordlings' eyes!  
[Nadeshda, with the girls behind her, comes  
to the chair of Voldemar.]

Nad. Prince Voldemar, to thee we bring  
Our simple offering;  
And low before thy seat we bend,  
Serf to lord, and friend to friend!

Vol. (taking the gift from her hands).  
Thanks to all friends! And thanks to thee,  
Nadeshda!

Chorus. Sing, sing, Nadeshda! Sing loud and clear,  
The song of home-coming and joyous cheer!  
The song! The song!

Vol. I ask the song, Nadeshda.



*Ostap (aside).* O cursèd night, when her dear voice  
Must sound to please these lordlings' ears!

*Nad.* As, when the snowdrift in the dell  
Slides softly downward, one by one  
Green blades of grass and tiny buds  
Peep shyly forth to see the sun;  
So dear to all our hearts where'er he roam,  
Comes the kind master to his ancient home.  
As, when from dreadful days of war,  
From windy steppes and savage foe,  
The soldier sees his mother's face,  
Great joy is then for bitter woe;  
So dear to all our hearts where'er he roam,  
Comes the kind master to his ancient home!

*Chorus (breaking into shouts of joy).*  
Then a shout for our lord, and a shout for our  
home  
Voldemar! Voldemar!  
And a health to our lord! Voldemar! Voldemar!  
[As the Chorus drink and shout, Ivan  
steps quietly through them, and ad-  
dresses his brother. The serfs are silent  
and fall back.]

*Ivan.* Good brother Voldemar! You promised me  
That what of all your new-won goods I chose,  
That one thing should be mine. I'll look no  
further;  
And here I make my choice—the serf Nadeshda.  
[A dead silence. The Serfs dare not speak,  
but turn faces of entreaty to Voldemar.  
Ostap lays his hand on his knife, and  
steps close to Ivan's back; Nadeshda,  
after one look of terror at Ivan, turns  
speechless with her eyes fixed on Volde-  
mar's face. Voldemar is silent,  
gazing at his brother.]

*Ivan.* You will not break your word?

*Vol.* I will not break my word.

*Ostap (aside).* She shall die first.

*Ivan.* She is mine, then.

*Nad. (as he comes to lay hand on her, she throws herself at  
Voldemar's feet with a cry).* Voldemar!

Lord, master!

*Ivan (putting his hand on her wrist).* You are mine, then.

*Vol.* Stay a moment!

I promised you that what you ask'd to-morrow,  
To-morrow I would give you.

*Ivan.* And to-morrow

I'll ask the same, good brother.

*Vol.* Now by heaven,  
'Tis a black asking, and what you ask to-morrow  
Shall not be mine to give!

[Commotion among the serfs. Nadeshda  
creeps nearer to Voldemar, with her  
face upturned and full of wonder. He  
extends his hand over her, and speaks  
to the crowd.]

Hear me, friends all!

In this our ancient hall,

With fix'd intent and due solemnity,

I here make oath and say,

That from this day,

And from this hour, the serf Nadeshda's free.

*Ivan (aside).* Madman! He loves her.

*Chorus.* Nadeshda! Nadeshda!

Voldemar! Voldemar!

Happy the Prince whose merest nod

Has power of a Czar's decree

To lift the peasant from the clod,

And make the trembling captive free.

*Ivan (aside).* I know your secret, brother mine,  
I know where you shall feel the smart,  
And when I render blow for blow,  
My stroke shall fall upon your heart.

*Ostap (aside).* Have I a knife and strong right hand,  
To let this villain smile and move?

Am I a coward thus to stand,

Nor choke him with his hateful love?

*Nad.* Master, I cannot speak; I kneel,  
As I shall kneel to God, and pray  
That you believe the thanks I feel,  
And hear the words I cannot say.

*Vol.* What change is here? and in my blood  
What fire at sight of her meek eyes?  
Sound of the sea is in my ears—  
Or angels' wings in Paradise.

*Chorus (who have filled their cups).* Drink to the  
princely deed!

Drink! drink! Drink we to Voldemar!

With song and joyous shout

Send the glad wine about:

And with our song set we old vodki flowing;

And while our hearts are glowing;

Bright as the morning star,

Drink we to Voldemar.

Drink we and sing, and set glad hours a-going!

*Ivan (after a deep draught, holds his cup high, and sings).*

Our sires were stout and brave,

And loved the ringing fight,

And the swingeing blow they gave

Was alway for the right.

Drink to the ancient house,

Where never shame was guest;

Drink, with a shout and a song,

To the bravest and the best.

*Chorus.* Drink we with song and shout,  
And send the bowl about!

*Ivan.* While rocks stand firm below,

And skies above are blue,

Full strong shall be our blow,

And all our words full true.

Drink to the ancient house,

Old faith and courage high,

Drink, with a shout, for the brave

Who dare not steal nor lie!

*Chorus.* Drink we with song and shout,  
And send the brimming bowl about.

Hurrah! hurrah!

[While they shout, Ivan steps forward before  
his brother.]

*Ivan.* Then drink to Voldemar, last of this ancient line,  
To Voldemar, your lord and mine;  
To Voldemar, who lied to me, his brother,  
To Voldemar, who stole my slave from me!

*Vol. (who from the first has watched Ivan with growing  
doubt).* A lie! A coward lie!

[He springs down upon Ivan. Nadeshda  
tries to throw herself between the  
brothers. Ostap drags her back. Ivan  
draws his sword. Voldemar seizes it  
and breaks it across his knee.]

*Vol.* Go, lest I kill thee, Ivan, go!

*Chorus.* The bright day ends in woe,

The red sun sinks in gloom;

Brother to brother, foe to foe—

God shield this house from doom.

[The serfs, while they sing, shrink back from  
Ivan, who goes out through them with  
a menacing air. When he has gone,  
Voldemar turns towards Nadeshda.]



LETTERS FROM  
M. JEAN DE RESZKÉ, SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, AND MDME. ALBANI.

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HOTEL CONTINENTAL,

*June, 1892.*

CHER MONSIEUR SCHUSTER,

Je regrette infiniment de ne pouvoir prêter mon concours dans le Concert que vous organisez en mémoire de notre cher ami defunt, GORING THOMAS, mais je tiens à contribuer de ma façon au monument qui doit glorifier sa mémoire. Je chanterai la représentation de Carmen en abandonnant mon cachet de 4,000 frs., au profit de la fondation.

Ayant fait des Concerts une question de principe je ne vois pas d'autre moyen d'apporter mon offrande artistique qu'en agissant de cette manière.

Veuillez, cher Monsieur, agréer mes Meilleurs sentiments.

JEAN DE RESZKÉ.

1, QUEEN'S MANSIONS,

VICTORIA STREET, S.W.,

*30th June, 1892.*

MY DEAR SCHUSTER,

My illness has brought me many disappointments, but not one of them have I felt so keenly as that caused by my inability to take part in the Concert to the memory of ARTHUR GORING THOMAS.

I have not yet the strength to appear on the platform, otherwise it would have been my pride to testify by my presence there to my affection and esteem for my friend and pupil.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

MONT-DORE,

*5th July, 1892.*

DEAR MR. AIDÉ,

I regret very much that I cannot assist at the Concert to be given for the GORING THOMAS Memorial, as I have come here to take the baths. Having some time at my disposal just now, I am obliged to take advantage of it, or I should have been delighted to have done what I could to help.

I always had very much admiration for MR. THOMAS as a musician and a composer, and I trust the performance will result in a great success.

I am,

Yours very truly,

E. ALBANI GYE.

NAMES OF ARTISTS OF WHOSE SERVICES, GENEROUSLY OFFERED, THE COMMITTEE HAVE BEEN  
UNABLE TO AVAIL THEMSELVES OWING TO THE EXIGENCIES OF THE PROGRAMME.

Mdme. ADINY, Miss ALICE GRUNER, Mdle. JANOTHA, Miss ROSE SOMERSET,

Mr. W. H. BURGON, Mr. WILHELM GANZ, Mr. RICHARD TEMPLE,

M. JOHANNES WOLFF, Messrs. ERARD and Co.

The Artists of the Royal Italian Opera appear by the courtesy of Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

The Selections from Esmeralda and Nadeshda are given by permission of the CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

The Grand Piano is lent by Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS.

The Floral Decorations are given by Mrs. ROBERT GREEN.

The frontispiece Portrait is from a photograph of Messrs. WINDSOR & GROVE, and is reproduced by the MONDE  
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# LIST OF THE WORKS OF ARTHUR GORING THOMAS.

## A.—OPERAS.

- Don Braggadocio. Libretto by C. Thomas. MS. [Incomplete.]  
 The Light of the Harem. 3 Acts. Libretto by Clifford Harrison. MS  
 Esmeralda. 4 Acts. Libretto by A. Randegger and T. Marzials.  
 Nadeshda. 4 Acts. Libretto by J. Sturgis.  
 The Golden Web. 3 Acts. Libretto by F. Corder, B. C. Stephenson and F. Wyatt. [In the Press.]

## B.—CANTATAS, &c.

- Le Rocher d'Appenzell. Cantata. MS. [Incomplete.]  
 The Sun Worshipers. (Les Adorateurs du Soleil.) Choral ode.  
 Out of the Deep.\* Soprano Solo and Chorus.  
 The Swan and the Skylark. Cantata. MS.

## C.—INSTRUMENTAL.

- Air. Pianoforte and Violin. MS.  
 Intermezzo for Orchestra. MS.  
 Suite de Ballet for Orchestra. Arrangement for Pianoforte Duet.

## D.—VOCAL DUETS.

- Dawn. (L'Aurore.)\*  
 Golden Hours. (Les Heurs d'Or.)  
 Love's Command. (Appel d'Amour.)  
 Ma Nacelle.  
 Night Hymn at Sea. (Hymne Nocturne en Mer.)\*  
 "Non, vivante dans cette tombe." MS.  
 A Rustic Scene. (Amours Villageoises.)\*  
 Sous les étoiles.\*

## E.—SONGS, &c.

### Mélodies Chant et Piano.

1. Jeune et Vieux. (Old Age and Youth.)
2. Le Bonheur. (Happiness.)
3. Chanson d'Avril. (April.)
4. Si j'étais Roi. (Were I a King.)
5. Consolation. (Consolation.)
6. Mon petit Coin. (My little Corner.)
7. La Captive. (The Captive.)
8. Chanson à Boire. (Drinking Song.)
9. La Sultane favorite. (The Favorite.)
10. Les Papillons. (Butterflies.)
11. Sérénade. (A Serenade.)
12. Chanson de Barberine. (Barberine's Song.)
13. Scène Religieuse. (Sion.)\*

### Twelve Lyrics.

1. Contentment. [Duet.]
2. The Viking's Daughter.
3. The Heart's Fancies.
4. Time's Garden.
5. Voices of Spring.
6. Under thy Window.
7. A River Dream.
8. A Love Lullaby.
9. The Willow.
10. A Song of Sunshine.
11. The Countryman's Love Song.
12. Sunset. [Duet.]

- "Ah! si vous pouviez comprendre." MS.  
 Ai-je fait un rêve.  
 All that I ask. (Je ne veux pas d'autre chose.)  
 "A l'ombre de vertes chamilles." MS.  
 L'Ange et l'Enfant. MS.  
 L'Automne. MS.  
 Barcarolle. (Barcarole.)  
 Beauty to and fro. (Sara la Baigneuse.)


## SONGS, &c.—Continued.

- Berceuse. MS.  
 The Blacksmith's Hammer.\* [In the Press.]  
 Le Bonheur et l'Aurore. MS.  
 A Breeze from Shore.  
 Chanson de Mai.  
 Chanson Persane. MS.  
 Chant d'une Jeune Fille.  
 Le Chasseur et la Laitière. MS.  
 Clair de Lune de Mai. MS.  
 Come to me, dreams of Heaven. MS.  
 Cuckoo. Vocal Waltz.\*  
 Dans la Grotte. MS.\*  
 Dans la Plaine blonde.\* [For the French version of Esmeralda.] MS.  
 Ding Dong.  
 Dors ma Mère. MS.  
 Doubting or Dreaming. (Mon cœur tu frémis.) [Originally published as "Leave me ere it be too late."] MS.  
 Dwell in Joy. (Sois heureuse.)  
 The East Indian. ("L'Alouette à peine éveillée.") MS.  
 Ecstasy. (L'Extase.)\*  
 Far Away. [In the Press.]  
 Flower of May. (Parfum de l'Ame.)  
 The Flow'ret and the Butterfly. (La Fleur et le Papillon.)  
 Gentle Sleep.  
 The Girl to her Bird.  
 Heart, mine heart.  
 Hero and Leander. Scena for Soprano.\*  
 Honour to Age. (Honneur aux Vieilliards.)  
 If there be a charming Lawn. (S'il est un charmant gazon.)  
 In Spring Time.  
 Jephthah's Daughter.\* Scena for Mezzo Soprano. MS.  
 A Lake and a Fairy Boat.  
 Lazzara. MS.  
 The Lily and the Chime. (Le Lys et le Carillon.)  
 Little Lady.  
 Love's Echoes. (Aimons.)  
 Lullaby.  
 Ma Sœur. MS.  
 Ma Voisine.\*  
 A Memory. (Le Baiser.)  
 Memories.  
 Midi au Village.\*  
 Mignon's Song.\*  
 Morning Bright.  
 My Heart is weary.\* [Written for the German version of Nadeshda.]  
 My Home is far away. MS.  
 A Night in May. (Une Nuit de Mai.) [Also published as "Summer Night."] MS.  
 The Nightingale. (Le Rossignol.) MS.  
 Nuit d'été.  
 One Morning, oh! so early.  
 Oh, Pictured Face. (Le Portrait.)  
 Polacca.\* [Written for the Italian version of Esmeralda.]  
 The Portrait.  
 Projet. MS.  
 La Promenade. MS.  
 The Redbreast. MS.  
 Rêve d'Enfant. MS.  
 Le Roi Henri. (The Two Kingdoms.)  
 Serenade.  
 "Sing, Bird of Spring." MS.  
 The Sleeper. MS.  
 A Song of Spain.  
 The Swallow and the Exile. (L'Hirondelle et le Proscrit.)  
 "Tell me now, my little Maiden." MS.  
 "There's a Bower of Roses." MS.  
 Thoughts at Sunrise. MS.  
 Twilight Dews.  
 Valse for Soprano and Chorus. MS.  
 The Veiled Bayadère. (La Bayadère Voilée.)  
 La Vie champêtre. MS.  
 Voeu. MS.  
 Winds in the Trees.  
 A Woman's Heart. [From "Don Braggadocio."]  
 Wonderland. (Les Coutes Bleus.)  
 The Woodland Hour.  
 Ye little Birds.  
 The Young Shepherd. (Le Jeune Pâtre.)

\* With MS. orchestral accompaniments.



THOMAS was the youngest  
Freeman Thomas, of Ratton,

RTHUR GORING THOMAS was the youngest son of the late Mr. Freeman Thomas, of Ratton, near Eastbourne, Sussex, at which place he was born. He was educated at Haileybury College, Hertford. His Musical education commenced in Paris, where he was a pupil of Monsieur Emile Durand, and was continued later at the Royal Academy of Music in London, which he entered as a Student on 13th September, 1877, leaving at Michaelmas 1880, and where he studied under Mr. Ebenezer Prout and Sir Arthur Sullivan, twice winning the Lucas Medal for Composition. He died on the 20th March, 1892.